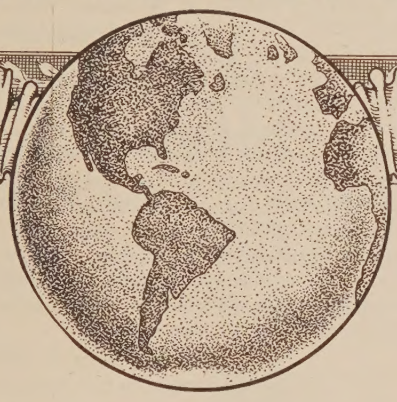
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

September 2, 1922



Understanding

"Labor" had been to me a phrase;
But now, through all my length of days
It means no mere "commodity,"
But Human Beings, like to me —
Who live and love and plan and hope
For greater things. And if they grope
In dull blind fashion, crudely planned,
I shall not fail to understand.

Berton Braley.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

The debate on the responsibility for the war will receive a new impetus from the remarks of Mr. Philip Kerr before the Institute of Politics at Williams College. Mr. Kerr, who knows as much about the question as any man living, doubts that the Kaiser or any other responsible man ever deliberately pressed the button to start a general European war. "Ultimately the cause of the war was the surrender of Germany to Bismarckism and the failure of the people of Germany to take the control of military and foreign policy out of the hands of the Kaiser. But so far as the events of 1914 are concerned, what swept Europe into war was the military time table." (*New Republic.*)

υ λ

The suffrage amendment is in a sense a half-way house on the road to equal civil, legal, and political rights for women which will place them on an equality with men. In many states to-day the common-law disabilities of woman are comparable to the barbaric laws of the chattel-slavery days. In our Federal laws there are many inequalities that should be removed. Common justice to the women of America requires that both in the nation and in the states these obstacles and injustices be removed. (*Harry Slattery of the District of Columbia Bar.*)

υ λ

In the Middle Ages monks occasionally took a manuscript of Homer or Vergil or some such heathen author, scratched out his unimportant words, and in their place put something pious, edifying, and dull. Boston, a scholarly community, is busy making palimpsests of the same sort, it seems. What was the Edgar Allan Poe Square has been erased and renamed the Matthew Emmett Ryan Square. (*Nation.*)

υ λ

I have never felt myself able to join in movements for the closing of "movies" or any other form of public entertainment on Sundays on the ground of their deleterious effect upon the religious habits of the people, partly because I can not share the view that legislation in the interests of religion is of any advantage to religion (it's a poor religion that can't stand on its feet!), but chiefly because I take the position that my job is not to close the movies but to beat them at their own game. And if I do not beat them, I am failing at my own task. I have indeed lost the point somewhere if I do not present the call of the kingdom of God as the most romantic and adventurous affair in the world. (*Richard Roberts.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, esus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

Mostly the intelligent man is the man who agrees vith us!

* *

Evil men have been known to utter lofty aphorsms of virtue.

* *

The heroic age for every man is now, if he is tall nough to see it.

* *

The message of a straight soul is oft diverted by ı crooked tongue.

* *

Financial means are usually the means of making nean men meaner.

* *

When we begin to argue we begin to mobilize ınd equip the enemy.

* *

Are you big enough and good enough to adminis-er the riches you covet?

* *

Whosoever hath a Good News message must be ı Good News messenger.

* *

How can we expect gratitude from those who reeive less than their right?

* *

Prudence says, go slow, for once the cloth is cut t is hard to make the pattern fit.

* *

Fate and folly strive for the possession of the wise, out the wise, being wise, repudiates them both.

* *

Probably the chronic fault-finder will find fault n heaven because there is nothing to find fault with!

* *

Don't leave your Christianity in the pew like ı forgotten umbrella; you will have more need of it outside.

* *

This is a new age given to new ideals and fashions; because it is different is not sufficient for its condemnation.

* *

A good many blatant political and theological propagandists are going to wake up some day and discover that they are dead.

One stood in the midst of the crowd and boasted of what a great man he was; how much he had done for others; another stood afar off and prayed.

* *

The Eloquence of Action

In concluding his very remarkable address before the Ohio Convention, our General Superintendent reached the point where he himself became the peroration and the climax of one of the sanest and most thrilling utterances which have come in these recent days of religious need. This message of our leader must be put in pamphlet form and sent everywhere, especially to our own people, who have been wondering where we are and why we are, and whither we are going. In the closing paragraph Dr. Lowe enriched his appeal with action. He urged our people to follow and then seriously pledged himself to continue to lead. He was not sitting back and commanding others to go, but he led the way and cried unto the rest of us to come. And, because of his fine service, his self-sacrificing spirit, his noble example, we are going to get into line all over the country and "carry on" until our Church is in a position to really glorify a God who is glorious and to serve man who is worthy. Read this great address and learn from it that the Universalist Church is the Church of true liberality and freedom; learn that it has a place for workers of every kind, where our differences are our glory and not our shame, and where, with these differences co-ordinated, "all one body we."

Chaplain Couden

The heroic was in the blood of Henry N. Couden when he went into the Civil War to preserve his country, and gave the most precious of earthly possessions, his eyes, as his sacrifice. The heroic was in his blood and functioning even more vitally when he came forth with this dreadful handicap and faced life, in which he must begin all over again. But there was a spirit within him which not only would not down, but which he felt he must give to others, and so, without faltering, he read through other eyes and fitted himself for the Universalist ministry, and served successfully until in recognition of his services and ability he was called to the chaplaincy of the National House of Representatives, where he served for twenty-five years, being made chaplain emeritus in 1921. He was called to the land of vision from his

home at Fort Myer, Virginia, Aug. 22. Only those who knew Chaplain Couden personally and intimately could know the wholesome charm of the man: he who lived in darkness radiated sunshine, and his prayers were the vocalization of his spirit of Christian optimism. The members of Congress broke all precedents when they published a book of these prayers, just because they so truly voiced the best in human petition to the Divine. This heroic figure stands for heroic service, and he will take his place in the ranks of our country's heroes. Fortunate are those who knew him as a friend, and loved him.

One Thing More

During this period of stressed interest in the Labor question, when the whole nation is at high tension, fearing personal suffering because of strikes affecting every department of life, it is noticeable how many are speaking a hearty word of commendation for the achievements of the Labor Unions. It is pointed out that they have raised the wages and improved the living conditions of every laborer. They have opened communication between employer and employee and have helped towards an equitable understanding. All this is true, and we join in the acclaim of what has been done. But we long for one thing more, and that is that membership in the Union shall stand for a better quality of work, and as something of a guarantee that the members will make fair contracts and keep them. While the Union as an organization may sidestep responsibility for the awful mob outbreaks resulting in destruction of life and property, it can hardly expect general public commendation until it aligns itself with the forces of law and order. When Union membership stands for first-class work, for the integrity of contract, and for wholesome character and citizenship, it will not only command the applause, but the hearty support, of all good citizens.

Hosea W. Parker

There were titles many and achievements more, but high above all these towered the splendid man in whom there dwelt the mighty strength of Christian justice and gentleness. He was one of the basic human factors in our American life, and whether working with his neighbors and friends in the small community for community betterment, or serving the nation in the high places of the National Congress, he was elementally and practically and efficiently a Christian, and his glory in this hour of his parting from us is that he breathed his Christian spirit into every department of life. The Universalist Church is especially indebted to this ideal layman, who commanded through devoted service and a rare talent for leadership. He was the heart and soul of the local church, and, without questioning the ability and wisdom of other men who have held the position of president of our General Convention, we all recall Mr. Parker as exceptional among presiding officers. He not only had the practical skill from his experience in Congress, but he loved his Church, knew its history and believed in its future. We have greatly lost in his departure. He will take his place among the really great men inspired by our faith, and we shall treasure his memory as one of our richest inheritances.

* *

THE INDUSTRIAL TRIANGLE

SOME wise men have seen that the only way to iron out the difficulties which arise in industry is to recognize the true relation of employers and employees and the public. There are three sides to the industrial problem, and these sane and clever folk have symbolized these by the triangle, one angle of which stands for Justice, the second for Co-operation and the third for Service. They have adopted the triangle as their symbol and set it up in their mills and factories, and the result is that industrial peace has taken the place of industrial strife. Of course, the symbol does not have magic power nor does it work automatically, but it expresses the new state of mind of the parties concerned in these industrial relations, and this makes it significant and potent.

This is an idea well worth consideration, and worthy of being adopted and applied all over our land at such a time as this, when industrial strife is so prevalent, and there are various rumors and threats of strikes and lockouts, and the anger of the public is beginning to rise.

We must observe that Justice comes first. This is the basic idea. It is the primary principle. There must be respect for the rights of the employer and of the employee and of the public, by each and all concerned. There can be no peace if this principle is not recognized and lived up to. There is something due to each and all these parties. None must suffer from the action of the other. No advantage must be gained at the cost of the disadvantage of the others, and there can be no substitute for justice, in the shape of charity or paternalism. Of course it is difficult to determine exactly what justice requires in a given situation, but if there is the spirit of justice in the minds of all, and the determination to see that it is carried out, then it will be found, and peaceful industrial relations be securely based.

There can, however, be no profitable industry without Co-operation. The workers and the manager and the employer all are needed, and all co-operate to turn out the greatest and best product. There is a pooling of the minds of all for the good of the plant. There is fine team work in the great game of doing the best work. Each works with a will, and from the heart, and in harmony with all the rest. The spirit of co-operation is in the wheels. Men feel it, catch it, exhibit it. All are fellow workers—employer, manager, foreman, worker.

The large end or aim of such industry based on justice and carried on in co-operation is Service. Of course there must be profit and wages, but there must also be something greater and finer, the service which the industry renders to the community. In more than one industry the motto is "Service first." The interests of the public are considered, the welfare of the community taken into account, the type of civilization being built up is the primary concern. Such a purpose lifts the whole industrial plant up to the moral level, gives it a social value, makes it contribute to the national honor and glory, and finds for itself a place in the Kingdom of God.

The Genius of Our Faith and the Challenge of the Hour*

The Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. When he, the spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."

SOME one has said the most remarkable thing about Jesus of Nazareth was the truly wonderful spirit of the man. We find the true Jesus, the one with whom we hold intimate fellowship, not in any isolated saying or act of his that has been reported to us by the evangelist, nor in any group or series of them, but in the spirit which like the fragrance of a flower radiates from them all.

The essential genius of our faith and of all truly Christian faiths is to be found more in the spirit of the Church that proclaims and interprets the faith than in any peculiar statement of faith put forward by the Church. The fundamental temper, outlook, and attitude of those who hold certain ideas or principles is vastly more important than the ideas and principles held.

Two major points characterize the genius of all Christian faiths and the faith that was in the mind of the Master.

First, it is all inclusive. It is inclusive of all truth and all good. It is here we encounter the real difference between Partialism and Universalism. It is an elemental difference in spirit. Partialism takes the measuring tape of its man-made, iron-clad creed and draws a circle about its adherents. Then it says to them: "Within the confines of this circle go as far as you like, but step outside of it never. All inside of it is approved of God; all outside of it is base falsehood and pernicious error. Think all you please within the circumference of this sphere." Or, in other words, Think, but don't change your mind.

The genius of Universalism and of the faith that animated Jesus of Nazareth lies in the fact that it draws about its adherents no circle unless it be the one drawn by the universe itself. Not even infinity transcends it. To all, we say without the slightest fear: "Travel as far as you like. Think as much as you please. The sky is the limit." Instead of calling on the Government to pass laws to prohibit the teaching of evolution and physical science in the schools and colleges of our land, we say to the archeologist, the astronomer, the biologist, the chemist and all the others: "Explore the universe, reach out to the remotest stars, annihilate space, split the planets apart, blast open the rocks of all creation, divide the atoms, decipher the molecules, analyze the electrons, compel them all to give up their every secret. You will reveal and substantiate no truth that is not a truth of the living God."

The truth of God, whether it is brought from its hiding place by scientist or theologian, by philosopher or preacher, will find its place in our all inclusive faith just as readily as the musical note of each instrument in the orchestra finds its place and blends itself harmoniously into the symphony under the master hand of the director.

In other words, the genius of our faith is embodied in the fact that our religion is a liberal or liberating religion. Instead of seeking to put the truth of God into the mind of man, we aim to set his mind free and then watch the truth of God unfold within it and come out through it. Our birthright is the glorious light and liberty of the children of God of which the Apostle Paul so eloquently speaks.

Liberal religion is the religious spirit in man that impels him to use his mind, his heart, his conscience, with sincerity, with courage, and, above all, with complete, absolute, unfettered freedom, in his effort to find out the truth about God and man with a view to making the truth thus discerned the one controlling motive power in all the relationships he bears to his Heavenly Father and to his fellow men.

Liberal religion is a liberating religion. It is not a formula; it is a spirit. It is not a particular set of ideas; it is a specific method of approach to the spiritual life of man, by which a particular set of ideas has been reached. It is not a formal statement of the truth that is held; it is the intellectual, moral and spiritual process by which the truth that is held and stated is discerned, recognized, formulated and applied to life. It is not a man's conception of truth; it is the attitude of mind and heart from which he sets out to find truth.

The religion of Jesus in its original form not only tells man that he is free, it becomes in his soul the very dynamic or compelling spirit which increasingly sets him free. You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. When he the spirit of truth is come he will guide you into all truth. But a man who has sealed his mind can not be free until the seal is broken, and one who has become immovable can not be guided. Jesus himself was not stationary, static. He was ever on the move. His life was an evolving life, his thought was an unfolding thought. It was this fact alone which brought him into conflict with the intellectual, but apparently stationary, Pharisees of his time. He grew in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man. He did not stop and exclaim, "Here I stand, come and stand with me." He kept going, and said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. Come and follow me."

No truth that is finally established beyond the possibility of question or doubt in God's universe can by any possible chance be out of harmony with the fundamental genius of our faith. There may be a conflict temporarily between some substantiated truth and a particular statement of faith that we have proclaimed, but not between the truth that has been discovered and the spiritual genius of our faith. This is only another way of saying that the fundamental genius or spirit of our faith will quickly revise any peculiar statement it has made so that it will be in accord with the unfolding body of God's revelation.

One of the best things ever said about the genius

*Address delivered at the Ohio State Convention.

of our faith has been written in a little book by Dr. L.B. Fisher under the title, "Which Way."

"Universalists are often asked," he says, "to tell where they stand. The only true answer to give to this question is that we do not stand at all. We move. Or we are asked to state our position. Again we only answer that we are not staying to define any position. We are on the march. The only stand we take is that we refuse to stand at all. And the only position we defend is that no position is final."

Perils and pitfalls there are, no doubt, in the way of a man who knows the truth that makes one free, and sets out to exercise his freedom and explore the universe. He may fall into error, he may go too far, but evidently, in the mind of Jesus, better by far is the man who falls into error, who goes too far, than the man who is so completely bound hand and foot that he goes not at all.

The genius of our faith is also inclusive of all good, and it is the main spring from which all good starts. It is the fountain head. Jesus took the position not only that there is good in the world, but that the world itself is good. He made the assumption that there is good in man, in all men, and that potentially man is all good. For this reason he never hesitated to put his confidence in men and women who were trusted by nobody else. To him apparently evil was merely the forge in which embryonic good is clarified and the anvil upon which it is hammered into shape. In other words, good is evil that has been subdued. The good we see in the world about us is really good. It is not a delusion, a deception, and a horrible sham. It does not merely seem to be good. It *is* good. It is rather interesting to note that Evangeline Booth in her biography of her father testifies that to her the most wonderful thing about her truly gifted parent was that he saw the good in the very worst characters in the slums of London. General Booth made no mistake. He was seeing straight. He did see good in these outcasts of society. But he saw it with the eyes of a universal faith that was native to his soul, and not with the eyes of his partialistic faith which he had inherited from the past and adopted without question.

In the second place the essential genius of our faith is set forth in a series of spiritual affirmations which are the only ones upon which wholesome and abiding social reconstruction can be based. We believe in God, the Universal Father, who unites all mankind in one great family with common interests and one destiny. There you have the keystone in the arch of social reconstruction, economic adjustment and international peace. We shall never really solve any of our problems until we come together where we belong and where God wants us, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, Catholic and Protestant, capitalist and laborer, with singleness of purpose and oneness of heart.

We believe in the certainty of just retribution for the transgression of law. You can not hold a bucket of water upside down and not spill it. But through the ages man has all too often been guilty of this one colossal blunder in his efforts to build a lasting civilization. He has tried to hold a bucket of water upside down and not spill it. It can not be done. He takes materialism for his foundation. He decorates it with sinful gold and dishonest silver. Upon this base he rears a lofty superstructure of selfishness. Into it he puts a filling of greed, envy, suspicion, hate, injustice, idleness, luxury, ease, indulgence, immorality. All the while he is at work he knows that just as surely as there is a law of physical gravitation in the physical universe, so there is a law of spiritual gravitation in the spiritual universe that he is defying. He tries to beat it, but he fails tragically. Suddenly this law of spiritual gravitation fires its terrific bolt. His gilded structure crashes to the earth and leaps into flame, crushing and consuming its builder. That is what happened in 1914. The horror of the World War is not in the war itself. It is in the danger that man will fail to learn his lesson and go on building in the future as he has in the past upon a foundation that will not endure.

We believe in the final harmony of all souls with God. Our only trouble is that we put it too far away in the future. We make it a finality to be attained ultimately after we die, in another world. It is not a finality in another world; it is a commencement in this world. It is man's first duty, and not his last estate, to get into harmony with God. Final harmony with God is not the end of the road; it is the beginning of it. Everything is chaotic and stagnant until man creates harmonious relationships between himself and God. Once the barriers are hammered down and man swings in with God, the procession starts.

So much for the essential genius of our faith. Now for the challenge of the hour. Upon this stronghold war has been declared, just as truly as war was declared upon the rest of the world by Germany in 1914. It has been declared because there is in man a spirit, Paul called it the spirit of darkness, that seeks to hold him back and bar the way to his progress. The attack comes from many angles and from different quarters. Fundamentalism, first designated premillennialism, has run a line of cleavage through practically every Protestant communion in America.

Fundamentalism strikes its blow at three points. First of all it aims its hammer at those fundamental spiritual principles which embody the essential genius of our faith, and sets up in their place the inerrancy of the Scriptures, special creations, total depravity, the virgin birth, blood or vicarious atonement, and the endless damnation of most of mankind.

Again it strikes mercilessly at man's inherent right and sacred duty to think for himself. Man must not only subscribe to these dogmas of the dark ages, but he must bind himself over to them body and soul and close his mind against everything in science, history and philosophy, however true in the light of established facts, that is out of harmony with them. The issue is not, Shall we subscribe to these fundamentalist dogmas? It goes much deeper than that. It is this: Shall we subscribe to any set of man made ideas by which the soul is put in prison and the mind in chains? Jesus says, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The traditionalist hands you his creed and says, "Here is the truth. Take liberties with it at your peril."

Again, war is declared on the fundamental idea that society can be reconstructed and the Kingdom of

Heaven established on earth and among men. Here a blow is struck at the very heart of the Gospel. Fundamentalism says: "This is a lost world. Man is totally and absolutely depraved. His goodness at best is of no account in God's sight. He has within him no natural or native spiritual possibilities. He can not be developed, trained, disciplined, educated to a spiritual being. He is of the earth earthy and that is the end of it. All of our efforts to establish a league or an association of nations are worse than vain and useless. There is no natural foundation upon which anything of the kind can be built. The idea of Universal Brotherhood, with the implied inference that men everywhere can be inspired to live together as brothers, is not only silly but sinful. Jesus made a mistake when he prayed, 'Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.' The world is lost; man is doomed; you can not save the one, neither can you redeem the other. We waste our time trying to solve problems. There is no solution for them. All we can do is to wait for the second coming of Christ in the clouds, who will with his heavenly hosts sweep whatever exists with one flourish of his hand into oblivion. He will destroy the existing world order, burn it with fire, until there is no vestige of it left, and then build a new and a heavenly order of society upon the ruins of that which has been so utterly destroyed."

So much for the challenge. What is the answer? What are we going to do about it? Preach theology, argue, debate, attempt to persuade with rhetoric? Yes, to a certain extent and whenever necessary. We should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us and to meet argument with argument. In argument, however, let us be sure we do it well or not at all. If we enter the arena of debate, we must see to it that we are not microbes attacking elephants. If there is to be a difference of this kind between yourself and your opponent, make sure that you are the elephant and not the microbe. But, after all, argument is much like war. Actually in the last analysis it settles nothing. The best answer we can give is action. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Make your faith operative. Work for your faith and make your faith work. It then becomes in itself an unanswerable argument requiring no defense in the arena of debate. Primarily this is not an age of argumentation, but an age of action. Jesus debated but little; he did much. He was a man of deeds, not a man of words.

Here then is the line of cleavage for us. For a century and a half we have manifested great skill in discussion. To-day what we do with our faith and for it is more important than what we say about it, no matter how well we say it. The challenge is: "Rally to your colors. Run up your flag. Run it up higher where it has already been unfurled to the breezes. Run it up where it has never been unfurled." As ministers let us preach in two or three pulpits instead of in one only. Let our men and women go out and establish Sunday schools in communities where there is not only the opportunity but the need. Build the National Church in Washington where we have an opportunity to make our church a candle lighted and on a candlestick giving light unto all who are in the world. Build the Perin-Cate Memorial Home in Japan. Make Universal Brotherhood a fact by being a brother to some one in particular instead of talking forever about brotherhood in general. Keep the home fires burning in Chattanooga, Birmingham, St. Petersburg, Pensacola, Miami, Denver and elsewhere. Light them here and there over the country where as yet there is no spark of flame to illuminate the darkness.

The call is for volunteers. It was at the time of the Ashanti Expedition to Africa that the famous Scots Guards were called out at Windsor. The commanding officer of the company explained to the men the nature of the expedition contemplated, making it clear that certain death was very likely the end of all who might enter upon it. He then called for volunteers, instructing those who were ready to offer themselves to step forward two paces. He turned his back and waited for one brief moment, when he wheeled and once more faced his company. The line, however, was apparently the same as before. With anger surging through his being he exclaimed, "What, the famous Scots Guards and no volunteers?" An officer standing near by, however, said to the Colonel: "You do not understand. All of the men have volunteered. The whole line has advanced."

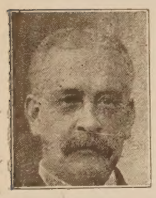
It will do us no good to shout ourselves hoarse endeavoring to confute the logic of those who declare that this is a lost world that can not be saved. It is for us to go out and save it. We must do the thing we are told can not be done, the thing we say can be done. Jesus is remembered not because he was too much for the Pharisees, the priests and Levites in argument, which he was; he is remembered because he did what those wise men of his own age declared could not be done; because he healed those who were said to be beyond hope; because he saved those who were declared to be absolutely lost; because he gave sight to those who were said to be hopelessly blind; because he actually brought in the Kingdom of Heaven where it was thought to be impossible of establishment. For this work Universalists must volunteer. May the whole line advance. Let no one stand back. And the poet's creed shall be our own.

"I do not fear to tread the path that those I love have long since trod.
I do not fear to pass the gates and stand before the living God.
In this world's fight I have played my part. If God be God He knows it well.
He will not turn His back on me and send me down to blackest hell
Because I have not prayed aloud and shouted in the market place.
'Tis what we do, not what we say, that makes us worthy of His grace."

Seemingly this is an opportune moment for a more or less intimate word from your General Superintendent. He asks others to volunteer. Is he willing to continue as a volunteer himself? One can not successfully challenge others and himself lay down the colors at the same time. For more than five years I have served you and the Church as a whole as faithfully as I have known how as General Superintendent. I have been accorded the most wholehearted co-operation and unqualified backing of our people, both ministers and laity, from the first. In fact, the sup-

port given has been far beyond the merits of the one to whom it has been rendered. It is sincerely appreciated. I should be less than human if I did not at times become weary and even a bit discouraged. More than two-thirds of the time I am away from my home and family. I love both dearly, which means that my absence involves a great sacrifice. All thought of sacrifice, however, has been swallowed up in the joy of service. Sometimes I confess I waver. Occasionally I am tempted to think my work is so far along that my departure from it would not be serious. At such times I do not find it easy to turn aside some of the invitations which have been tendered to me by some of our churches to go back into the pastorate. While I am calling for volunteers, however, in this crucial hour of testing and opportunity for our beloved denomination, I can not afford to show the white flag of surrender without taking a second thought. It is my wish to make no assumption with reference to the will of the Church with regard to the future, but in the light of present conditions it is evidently time for me to state unequivocally that if the Church is still commanding, if there is still a definite service for me to render and if you men and women will stay with me and rally for a while longer as you have in the past, I will stick to my post and continue to hold high the colors of our glorious faith.

Front Porch Studies



THERE are some places in this world from which you can see everything in the world, and some things outside, some things visible, and more things invisible, where you hear the silence, and know the unknowable. There are those wise in their own conceits who say this is all nonsense, but there is a special corner of my porch where all these things are true.

I am sitting here now while the slow shadows of these northern summer evenings blend out the light and blend in the darkness. It is a good time to see, for we all see better in the half-lights than in the glare of the dazzling sun, whether looking at things or people; you look towards the west when the sun is rising and towards the east when the sun is setting, if you would see things. The spot-light on the stage shows nothing but an actor, it does not reveal the faintest trace of the man. And so I sit here in the evening shadows to see the things the daylight could not reveal.

All day long that little spray of tansy has been reaching up to stick its yellow face through the porch lattice, and I never noticed it until just now when the background of shadow seemed to challenge it into glowing life. I do not like the coarse flower, with its yellow bubbles instead of petals, and its, to me, disagreeable odor, but it is a splash of gold against the gathering gloom, with its finely dissected grey-green leaves clustering about it as a delectable garnish. A little way beyond my single plant there is a big clump seeming almost like a mass of molten gold pulsating in the breeze. I see this flower when the light is right and I begin to like what I disliked; I am seeing it at its best instead of at its worst. I am giving the little thing a square deal, and discovering its merits. I am seeing the heretofore invisible. And I am wondering if the man with a yellow streak in him whom we have been despising may not be out of focus, or in the wrong light, or mayhap we are astigmatic in our disposition, or our vision is blurred. If we could but see the invisible man we might honor, even love, him.

There is a curious mirror with something magic in it, in this wondrous darkened light, and I am able to see myself, my real self, not the crude, blundering physical machine which I keep going by pumping up the collapsed tires every night! This real self is a good deal of a fellow, only I do not give him much of a chance. I like to bring him out for other people to see, and I point with pride to my ideals, but when I get into action it is the outside of me and not the inside, it is the visible and not the invisible, that is bossing, and as I sit here, in this revealing shadow, I am wondering if it would not be better if we had more of the Golden Rule in life, so that we, going about, would see others as we would that others should see us.

* *

It is astonishing how far I can see from this corner of my porch, literally hundreds of thousands of miles, for when the light has gone I look away into the darkness as the stars and planets come trooping into view. There is no limit. So many of us are whining because we can never go anywhere or see anything, when here upon this commonplace porch I have but to open the eyes of my mind to see everything, from the foolish little flower peeking through the railing to the glory of Jupiter.

There are several things between my little tansy blossom and the big planet way off there in the heavens and I can see them all from my front porch. And not only can I command space, but time yields her treasures of the past and her promise of the future. Always has it been my passion to travel and have adventures; and from the corner of my porch I am seeing back through the years and across the miles to the little city where I experienced my first adventure and began my first independent journeying.

I am seeing the cause of it all in those same paper-covered "Dime Novels" which are just now being recognized as a real factor in the development of American literature. Our teachers and parents did not so regard them, which was one reason why nearly all the boys, and sometimes a more progressive girl, went about in companionship with "The Red Rover of the Plains" while the Rollo books were neglected on their shelves. Our pockets were filled with those fascinating stories, which we held in community interest, trading them back and forth, anticipating by a generation the much-lauded community ideals of the present! We developed double action to our minds, so we could study arithmetic and read a dime novel under the desk at the same time! I fear the novel got the most of the combination, but in some mysterious way we all "passed" in arithmetic; it must have been by absorption!

But other things happened. There sprang up an epidemic of desire to slaughter Indians; the boys waded in gore! And out of dreams came action. Several groups in our school organized, and began saving money and collecting arms and making plans to "go West and kill Indians!" We had no special grouch against the Red Man, our motive was altogether altruistic—to save the poor settler and his beautiful daughter! Perhaps because our plans were simpler and more practical, another boy and myself, having saved up a little money earned in "carrying papers," without revealing our secret even to another boy, or to our best girls, actually made a start on this adventurous journey out into the big world. We had fixed our goal in the state of Illinois, where my companion had an uncle who had a farm somewhere, and that was to be our base from which we were to ray out on our terrible forays against the cruel redskins. The fact that there was not a cruel redskin within hundreds of miles did not phase us in the least. We had not learned to read the foreign language of time-tables and we supposed all trains going West would take us to our destination, so we took the first one going in that direction, and got by the inquisitive conductor with stories adapted from our reading. The destination of the train was only a little over one hundred miles, and there we had to spend the night in a small hotel. We took another "local" in the morning and started again towards the setting sun. By this time a hundred miles began to seem a long way from home, and it occurred to me that I had an uncle in that vicinity who had a farm, and possibly a few Indians to kill. So we got off at a station which I recalled, it being near my own birthplace, and wandered through the fields, though there was a perfectly good road, to my uncle's farm. There my relatives "discovered" us wandering around and demanded an explanation as to why we were one hundred and fifty miles from home. Our explanations were ingenious if not convincing, and we were greatly relieved when my aunt, knowing the heart of a boy, told us to come into the house, where dinner was ready! After dinner we made a get-away, and fled to the woods, where for several hours we surveyed swamps and rocks and deep forests, but never raised a single Indian, which was fortunate, as we had not yet procured our trusty rifles and scalping knives. But the Indians being so scarce we decided that next day we would be off again for the deeper wilds of Illinois.

But the next morning things took a new turn; there had been some telegraphing going on, and before breakfast was over there appeared the town constable, who said he was ordered to arrest two runaway boys, take from them all money and give them railroad tickets back home. And he did it! My aunt gave us a good lunch, and as there was nothing else to do we went home. On the way we drew up resolutions that if either of us got "licked" we would start again next day if we had to walk. But there were trials before us of which we never dreamed. The news had spread through the city that the runaway Indian-killers were coming home without a single scalp at their belts, and every schoolboy and most of the girls were at the station to greet us. Years after as a reporter I covered the big incident of General Sherman's arriving at that same station; he had a big reception, but the noise could not compare with the reception of the Indian fighters. Two fathers were there waiting, and they led their wandering sons to a hack in which we were glad to hide from the enthusiastic crowd, and we were soon deposited in our separate homes.

And here is what all this story leads up to and which alone justifies the writing. Instead of getting "licked" the subject of our running away was never mentioned in either home for many years, and there we were strung up between being heroes and criminals! We put over the heroic on the boys in school when we could get them to stop guying long enough. But at the headquarters of authority and supplies we suffered intensely because we did *not* get "licked," and that ominous shadow has hung over me all these years.

* *

To-night as I sit here on my magic porch I can see all those invisible days of adventurous fun, and feel the strange severity of not getting "licked." And while I am chuckling to myself in the gathering darkness over our wild adventure, I am wondering if no punishment in kind may not be more severe and more effective than a considerable sum of "lickings."

F. A. B.

Out in the Big World

XI Food Prejudices

John van Schaick, Jr.

MY friend Brand Whitlock was amused one day when I told him that we were going to our lodgings in Le Havre to have a dinner of horse meat. My wife had sent her little maid to get a tenderloin of horse. It was well cooked, appetizing, and we enjoyed it.

In Paris I ordered Burgundian snails to make sure that I could eat them. With a long silver implement especially made, I pulled them slowly out of their shells, dipped them into melted butter and ate them.

I prefer beef to horse, and I prefer lobster to snails, but if I can not get beef or lobster shall I starve, or fail to recognize the goodness of God who has given us the abundance of the world?

Food prejudices are as stupid as any other prejudices. They are based on ignorance and fear. Children should be taught "to eat what is set before them," not in the harsh unreasoning way this remark is usually meant, but to rejoice in an intelligent way in the infinite variety of life and the curious and interesting customs of all the nations of the world.

My brother who lived in the Philippines for many years wrote me about eating "the tender shoots of the bamboo," "the heart of the cocoanut tree with its enticing, nutty, flavor, a luxury from trees killed by storm, as to take it kills the tree," "the flower from the banana tree, cooked for greens like spinach."

My brother and I have a standing argument as

to whether I will eat "b'luc-b'luc" when I go to the Philippines. "B'luc-b'luc" is a delicacy of which the natives are very fond. There can be absolutely nothing unsanitary in its preparation or in its service. There is no reason why it should not be perfectly wholesome—an ideal food. Why should I not eat it? B'luc-b'luc consists of young chickens boiled in the shell a day or two before they are to hatch out. Natives come down to the wharves as you travel among the islands with huge baskets of eggs on each arm. In one basket are boiled fresh eggs; in the other basket is b'luc-b'luc. My brother says he is for the eggs. I assert that he has a food prejudice.

We may refuse anything on the score of dirt. We may change our restaurant for bad cooking. We may insist on fresh instead of stale things. We may even demand parsley around the omelette, roses for a center-piece, an apple in the mouth of the suckling pig, and light, warmth, color and beauty where we eat. That is taste, not prejudice, but we are not, as Universalists with an open mind, on a search for truth, with an all-inclusive philosophy, permitted to condemn "b'luc-b'luc" without a fair hearing.

If anybody does not want to pop a little unborn chicken into hot water without giving it a chance for its life, that is a different thing. It is not prejudice if Mary does not want to kill her lamb. I should not permit any of these dogs who have adopted me this summer to be killed for my dinner—not that I am against dog as dog, but these are my friends.

And if people are vegetarians because they love animals, I can give them the right hand of fellowship even while I eat my steak, but I have no use for the silly, stupid people whose vegetarianism is nothing but prejudice.

There is more to this subject than appears at first glance. The problem of feeding the world is a vast one. It has to be done or we perish. It has to be done efficiently, or schools, colleges, art galleries, churches, perish too. We can't busy ourselves with art until we have fire, food, light and clothing. With our national bigotries, with our stupid tariffs, with our fluctuating exchanges, we complicate the task of feeding the world, but it has to be done or we die. And we had better die physically in Russia than spiritually in the United States through indifference to Russia.

Now, strange as it may seem, in the terrible days of war, when people by the million were in danger of famine, and the United States of America showed itself a big brother, and Hoover set up his miraculous organization, and the Red Cross flung its flag out upon a thousand new battle fields, the task of feeding multitudes was complicated by food prejudices. People at times almost preferred to die rather than to eat that to which they were unaccustomed.

One striking illustration is the prejudice which exists on the continent of Europe against maize, or Indian corn. Presumably they have heard of "pellagra" coming from the use of corn.

At any rate, except among the Rumanians who raise vast quantities of it, and the Italians who use it mixed in their "polenta," and perhaps some other of the smaller countries, the prejudice is general.

The Rockefeller Foundation War Relief Commission was in Berlin in 1915 attempting to organize a Commission for Relief in Poland like the Commission for Relief in Belgium. We could set up the machinery to distribute food. We could even transport it wherever Germany controlled, for Hindenburg himself signed the agreement. But where could we buy it? The Allies would not let any come up the English Channel. There were vast quantities of wheat in Russia, but no railroads were available. Germany had no surplus food.

All difficulties seemed solved when we found that we could get great quantities of Indian corn in Rumania. We were just ready to proceed when the Germans forbade Indian corn coming into the country, "as it would create all kinds of diseases in the civil populations which might spread to the army areas."

I heard the debate in Mr. Gerard's office before the final decision. "I eat Indian corn every morning of my life that I can get it," said the Ambassador. "There is no danger in it unless it is spoiled. It is one of the finest of foods. I don't know anything more delicious than corn bread." It was no use. There was a deep-seated food prejudice. It was like an attempt to get my parish in Washington to take up snails, "b'luc-b'luc" and horse.

The National Geographic Society in Washington has been serving at the annual banquet whenever possible new articles of food unknown in this country, on the theory that the greater the food resources, the less the danger of famine.

One year we had dasheen, a tropical tuber resembling potatoes and offered as a substitute for potatoes. It will grow in wet regions where potatoes will rot. Had Ireland possessed dasheen in past years, great Irish famines might have been averted.

No matter what kind of prejudices we have, we can't tell how far they will go in their influence. No matter what kind of knowledge we pick up, we can't tell how powerful it may be for good.

There are many people who only live to eat, who seek one new thing after another, that they may pamper their tastes. What I am urging is something far different from gluttony. It is the open mind in all things, whether food or theology. It is the resourcefulness of the Italian up here in the stone quarry who can pick up a dozen things fit for food that the villagers know nothing about. It is delight in the variety of life.

All this may sound trivial in the face of the greater problems pressing in upon us. Know then, my reader, that I recognize the stupid economics we are using as a nation—the millions of retailers whom we do not need but whom we pay for, the powerful combines which still control output and prices, the destruction of food sorely needed by the world to keep up prices or as an act of class war, and the markets of the world which need our surplus and which we won't let them get. Know also that I recognize that there has never been such a thing as over production—simply bad distribution and under consumption.

But know also that he who recognizes and fights prejudices of one kind will come gradually to recognize and fight prejudices of other kinds. And when we get enough people looking for truth and willing to follow it, we will find the way out.

English Correspondence

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been taking unusual pains of late to establish a rapport with the Free Churches. During his early political career he was an ardent and prominent champion of Nonconformist causes, particularly of Welsh Disestablishment, and at the outbreak of the war there was no leading politician who had so large or devoted a following in the rank and file of the Free Churches. A speech of his delivered in the City Temple early in the struggle did a great deal to rally Nonconformist support to the prosecution of the war. His later policies, especially after he became Prime Minister, alienated many Nonconformists, and a few years ago he was silently dropped from the executive of the National Free Church Council, of which he had been a member for a long period.

A few months ago he began to give signs of a desire to regain the confidence of his former friends. On more than one occasion several influential Nonconformist ministers were invited to breakfast at 10 Downing Street. These gatherings were, of course, quite private, and no reports of the talk around the table were published, but we were given to understand that it had nothing whatever to do with politics. It would have been a shocking thing, it was suggested, to suspect Mr. Lloyd George of attempting to exploit his Free Church associations for the promotion of his political ambitions. The prospects of a general election were never hinted at or even thought of. The Prime Minister was simply holding informal conferences with Church leaders respecting the religious state of the country. Some of his guests at these breakfasts testified to the deep concern the Prime Minister was evidently feeling on this question.

During the last few weeks the cultivation of Free Church sentiment has been proceeding apace. First, there was the appearance of the Prime Minister at City Road Chapel, to assist an appeal for the renovation of John Wesley's tomb in the adjoining graveyard. On this occasion he warmed the hearts of his Methodist hearers by a glowing eulogy of the services rendered by their founder to the British nation and to the world. Next came an announcement that he was to speak at one of the public meetings of the United Methodist Conference at Birmingham. Pressure of public business prevented his actual attendance. The fact that he sent one of the whips of the Coalition party as his substitute was not, of course, to be interpreted as bearing any political significance. The biggest and most elaborate effort to restore Mr. Lloyd George's prestige among Nonconformists was made one day last week when nearly four hundred Free Churchmen, ministers and laymen, responded to an invitation to meet him at luncheon at the Hotel Victoria. The list of those present included the names of some persons not hitherto conspicuous as religious stalwarts—Lord Riddell, for instance—but there were many there whose title to be regarded as Free Church leaders no one could question.

The Prime Minister's address at this luncheon has been described as a great dramatic performance. He is said to have spoken with the ardor of a preacher, almost a prophet. He mingled the lofty exhortation with the familiar image. Mr. Lloyd George has always been a master of metaphor, and he gave in this speech many illustrations of his skill. One passage might be aptly applied to other controversies than those of which he was speaking at the time—some controversies between reactionary and modernist theologians, for example. "I do not ask any one," he said, "to abandon any principles for which he may have fought, but I do not believe in men who stick in dug-outs on abandoned battle-fields. The roll of battle has passed on to distant fields. They are not even within hearing of the roar of the artillery, not even of the heaviest guns, but they say, 'We mean to stand, whatever happens, by the old dug-out.' " The emotional atmosphere of the address, which was an appeal to the Christian Churches to create a public opinion against war, culminated in the peroration, in which Mr. Lloyd George registered a vow that he would consecrate what was left of his energies to make it impossible that humanity shall in future have to pass through the fire, the torment, the cruelty, the horror, and the squalor of war.

Those who form their opinion of Mr. Lloyd George from his perorations rather than his record have been greatly impressed. Others have been casting about as to what it all means. Among the explanations that have been suggested is one that is so startling as to be incredible—until one begins to reflect upon it. In the Middle Ages there was at least one emperor who, becoming finally weary of statecraft, discarded the imperial purple for the cowl and forsook his court for the seclusion of a monastary. Mr. Lloyd George is not much affected by medieval precedents, and in these days, especially among Welsh Nonconformists, religious zeal does not usually express itself in the adoption of a monastic rule. But the unexpected thing is precisely what he is more likely to do than any other, and the move that it is now suggested he may make would be dramatic and sensational indeed.

Suppose that the next general election, as is not improbable, should result in the defeat of the Government. The quidnuncs have been speculating as to what expedients, in that event, Mr. Lloyd George would adopt in order to retrieve his political fortunes. But suppose he should then decide to quit politics altogether and essay a new role? What that role might be is indicated by the nature of his recent confabulations with Free Church leaders. He has been insisting, beyond everything else, on the necessity for a national revival of religion. What if Mr. Lloyd George should himself offer to lead a movement in this direction? The spectacle of a former Prime Minister devoting himself to a nation-wide evangelistic propaganda would appeal powerfully to the imagination, and might go far to retain for him the popular influence he might otherwise be in danger of losing. The suggestion that he may take this course has been put forward without any authority from either the Prime Minister himself or any of his friends. It has appeared only in an obscure weekly publication which has been sharply critical of his political maneuvers.

But when one puts together Mr. Lloyd George's temperament, his Free Church associations, the nature of his recent utterances at these Nonconformist breakfasts and luncheons, his unrivaled effectiveness in swaying the emotions of large audiences, and his craving to be continually in the limelight, the cumulative evidence in favor of this theory makes it appear a shrewd guess rather than the preposterous fancy which it seems to be until one starts thinking it over. A twentieth-century Peter the Hermit, carrying from city to city the fiery cross of an ardent call to religious awakening—that would be an unparalleled climax to one of the most extraordinary careers of modern times.

Meanwhile, we have had a clear indication that the religious sentiment of the country exercises by no means the public influence that it once did. The London County Council has decided, by a vote of seventy-four to forty-seven, to permit Sunday games in the parks under its control. Its resolution specifies that, provided the convenience of the general public is in no way prejudiced, the games of badminton, bowls, cricket, croquet, football, golf, hockey, lawn tennis, net-ball, quoits, etc., shall be allowed on Sundays from 1 p. m. in winter and 2 p. m. in summer, until the closing time for such game on week-days. Permission is also given for Sunday boating in the parks wherever the necessary facilities are, or may be, provided. Matches in any league, cup, or similar competition are, however, still to be prohibited.

The removal of the old embargo has received overwhelming endorsement in the press. While those who have gardens of their own or who can afford to join tennis clubs are able to play games on Sundays, it would be unfair, it is urged, to deny to the poor the use of the public grounds which provide them with their only opportunity of recreation. The arguments put forward on the other side are practically the same as those employed years ago in the unsuccessful endeavor to prevent the Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries—the Divine command of a day of rest; the necessity of maintaining the English Sunday as a national institution which has contributed to the country's greatness; and the Sunday labor involved for park attendants. A great deal has also been heard, of course, of the "thin end of the wedge" argument.

The vote in the London County Council has encouraged the advocates of Sunday games in other parts of the country to renew their efforts for the removal of existing restrictions in their own neighborhoods. Attempts are to be made to induce the City Councils of Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham to follow London's example. Various religious bodies, including the Wesleyan Methodist Conference and the United Methodist Conference, have entered a protest by passing unanimous resolutions in disapproval of the action of the London Council. The one front-rank Free Churchman who has come out in defense of it is Principal Selbie, of Mansfield College, Oxford. He declares that religion is never likely to be helped by rigid Sabbatarianism nor to be injured by reasonable concessions on Sundays to those who wish to spend part of the day in recreation as well as rest. He believes the Church would gain more than it would lose by taking up a less rigid attitude.

The great difficulty of the Churches, in attempting to influence public opinion on this subject, is that they are themselves in such a hopeless muddle about it. If any one had got up in the Wesleyan Conference and proposed a resolution defining the nature and obligations of Sunday observance, an acute division would have revealed itself at once. Some members of the Conference would have insisted on the identification of Sunday with the Sabbath, while others would have as emphatically rejected any such theory. And it is pretty safe to say that there is not a single person among those voting in condemnation of Sunday games in the public parks who could not be convicted of some inconsistency if his own practise were carefully scrutinized. The fact is that within all the Churches there has been a general drift away from the rigid Sabbatarian teaching of our forefathers without the substitution for it of any clear and logical doctrine that can be accepted as a working guide for the individual Christian—apart altogether from the question of how far the non-Christian's freedom of action should be restricted by obligations which only the Christian recognizes. We may be quite sure, too, that the general community will not pay much attention to fulminations against Sunday tennis from religious leaders who, only a short time ago, saw no violation of the sanctity of Sunday in the devotion of its sacred hours to the making of munitions or the bombardment of enemy trenches.

London, August 5.

Hosea W. Parker

HOSEA W. PARKER died Aug. 21 at his home in Claremont, N. H., after an illness of ten weeks. He had passed his eighty-ninth birthday, and up to the time of his last illness had been regularly at his office. He was born in Lempster, N. H., May 3, 1833, the son of Benjamin and Olive (Nichols) Parker. He was the youngest of three children, the eldest brother, Hiram Parker, Lempster, alone surviving.

Mr. Parker's education was at Tubbs Union Academy, Washington, N. H., the Green Mountain Institute, Woodstock, Vt., where Dr. John S. Lee was principal, and Tufts College. He studied law with Edmund Burke, Newport, N. H., and was admitted to the bar in 1859. He was sent to the State Legislature from Lempster, 1859-60, and then he settled in Claremont, which was his home throughout his life. He was a Democrat in politics, and was a member of the National House of Representatives from 1871 to 1875. being one of the few Democrats sent from New Hampshire to Washington. While in Washington he was a member of many important committees and was largely responsible for the refusal of patent extensions resulting in the overthrow of the sewing machine monopoly. He was the oldest surviving member of the Forty-Second and Forty-Third Congresses.

As a lawyer he was keen and alert and especially effective in jury trials. He was always fair in his dealings and had the full confidence of the judges and his fellow members of the bar. He often said he had settled more cases out of court than he had brought to trial. As a public speaker he was always interesting, direct and ready with apt stories and reminiscences of events and men. On his eightieth birthday a complimentary banquet was tendered him by the New Hampshire Bar, and the Governor and members of his Council, and noted lawyers from out of the state, came to Claremont for the event.

Next to the law his chief interest was his church. He was a lifelong Universalist and during his whole residence in Claremont he was a leading member of the Universalist church. He had been superintendent of the Sunday school for over sixty years. He had been president of the New Hampshire Universalist Sunday School Association, and for the past twelve years president of the State Convention. He was twice president of the General Convention, and was always devoted to its theological and practical programs of progress. For many years he was a trustee of Tufts College, and president of the board. From Tufts he received the honorary degree of A. M. in 1883 and of LL. D. in 1913.

He was always active in the affairs of the town, being moderator of the school district for forty consecutive years and auditor of the town for fifty-one years. He had a part in all the leading enterprises of the town and had been its counsel for nearly fifty years. He was called by the people "the grand old man of the town," and could always be depended upon to help any good enterprise. On account of his unusual ability as a presiding officer, he was often called upon for public events. He was associated in several of the business enterprises of the town, and at the time of his death was president of the People's National Bank and also of the Woodsum Steamboat Company of Lake Sunapee.

He was strongly interested in Masonry. He had held all the chairs in the local bodies and was for twenty-one years Eminent Commander of Sullivan Commandery Knights Templars.

The editorial of the *Claremont Daily Eagle* said of him:

> Local patriotism was strong in him. He spent little time in mere talk, but he was prodigal of time and fertile of brain and untiring in labor when it was a question of Claremont's betterment. And his methods brought success. In March meetings he could lead in a laugh or stir men's deepest feelings; he could condemn what seemed to him extravagance, and he could chide a house full of voters for failing to do their whole duty. Leader of a political minority, he had his full share of political victory. He could sway a jury, and he could conduct a Sunday school. Power over men's acts and judgment he had, the magnetism that springs from manly courage and honest conviction, and he used it wisely. Claremont regrets nothing attained under his lead.
>
> There are many, far from Claremont, who will learn of his death with regret and who will ably appraise his services in the wider field of the state and nation. But here, at home, it is a neighborhood affair. Here, where he walked and talked with all, where his clean, useful years were passed, where he built his home and did his day's work, he is known and appraised with the keen intimacy of small communities. Here the realization is heavy upon us that a true friend has gone, a kindly voice is stilled, a source of wise and courageous counsel is at our service no more. He will sleep in that cemetery which he wished to have called "Mountain View," and some may yet recall the pathos of his voice as he thanked the voters in town meeting for accepting his choice of a name. High or low, rich or poor, old or young, all miss him in sorrow. It may be said that "he goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

Mr. Parker married in 1861 Caroline Lovisa Southgate of Bridgewater, Vt., whom he met at South Woodstock Academy. Mrs. Parker died in 1904. They had one child, Lizzie Southgate Parker, who married Lee S. McCollester, D. D., dean of the Theological School of Tufts College, in 1889. They have two children, a son, Parker McCollester, assistant general solicitor of the New York Central Lines, residing in New York city, and a daughter, Catherine McCollester Gallaher, wife of Hugh Gallaher of New York City.

The last services were held in the Universalist Church of Claremont on Thursday afternoon, and were conducted by the pastor of the church, the Rev. C. B. Etsler. The active bearers were Past Eminent Commanders of Sullivan Commandery, Knights Templars. Prominent members of the local and state bar, of many business organizations, and of the church formed a long line of honorary pall bearers. The stores of the town were closed from two to three o'clock, and everywhere were expressions that a man had greatly blessed his community and age by his deeds, his faith, and his personality.

Henry Noble Couden, the Blind Chaplain

CHAPLAIN COUDEN would have been eighty years of age had he lived until next November. He was only twenty years old when he was wounded in battle during the Civil War and lost the sight of both eyes. Therefore he has had to live three-quarters of his life and practically all of his mature life as a blind man. The success which he has achieved is an evidence of his pluck and his ability.

I have not the complete records at hand, but I have known him intimately for twenty-two years and can give the important facts of his life.

He was born in Marshall County, Indiana, Nov. 21, 1842, the son of Joseph G. and Eliza Chase Couden. He grew up in the country with country school training, until the Civil War brought him suddenly out into the great world and into contact with the most momentous realities.

After the Civil War he went to the State School for the Blind at Columbus, Ohio. He took the view that a blind man must emphasize the truth that he was a complete normal man and not a cripple. Therefore he always spoke of "seeing things." He had no false pride about having his friends describe the

landscape at which they were looking, but when he told it over he always said, "I *saw* this or that," not, "Some one described this or that for me."

He made up his mind that he wanted to be a minister, and he went to St. Lawrence University. I have often heard him speak with deep affection of the treatment he had up there and especially of the kindness of the late Dr. George L. Perin, who read to him so that he could do his lessons. He was ordained as a Universalist clergyman in 1878, when he was thirty-six years of age.

I assume that in the sixteen years between his losing his eyes and his ordination he was having the struggles that a man in his position would be apt to have. I do not remember his ever speaking of that period. One thing was evident, that his fine nature and handicapped position appealed to the best in women—for, as he often put it, "I have married three beautiful women and I never saw any of them."

His first wife was from a fine old family at Amherst, Mass., and she was the mother of the Rev. William Couden, my able assistant in Washington and now minister at Concord, Michigan.

His second wife, also of fine people, was the mother of "Dick," as we called him familiarly, Fayette Dickinson Couden, a successful lawyer in the state of Washington, of Harry, killed in the army, and of Jane or Jennie, a beautiful girl now happily married and living in California.

He married Harriet Dunbar, Jan. 26, 1886, and she is the Mrs. Couden whose beautiful face and fine presence was for so many years a familiar sight about the Capital City, as she conducted the Chaplain to and from his work. She read to him, wrote for him, went with him everywhere, guarded and defended him, until she was stricken with paralysis some five years ago, since which time she has been confined to a wheel chair. But, crippled as she has been, she has still ordered her household and read to her husband.

Since he was first elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives in 1895, Chaplain Couden has been re-elected every two years by both Democratic and Republican Congresses, until he was made chaplain emeritus for life a year or so ago, and kept on the pay roll of the House of Representatives. He likewise received a liberal pension.

He was deeply moved by an incident which happened at the time of a re-election. Democratic aspirants had sprung up for the place, hot canvassing had been going on, the Democrats had a big majority and Dr. Couden was a Republican, but an old Democratic war-horse long in the House took the floor and said something like this: "When I came to Washington my little child got sick of a very contagious disease and died. I told the circumstances to a clergyman of my own Church and he thought that, out of regard for other people, he ought not to officiate. The Chaplain heard of it, offered his services, and in spite of the danger came to me in that hour of darkness. Men, I can never forget it. I ask you if any of us ought to forget it?" And after that speech Chaplain Couden got every vote. At one time Congress published a book of his prayers and it had a wide circulation.

He was much sought after in Grand Army circles. He participated in services in many Orthodox churches. And yet he never hid his Universalism.

When he was reasonably well, and sometimes when he was not well, he was the life of a dinner table. He had a great fund of stories and he told them well. He had a delicious sense of humor, and loved the circle of good fellows.

I remember the late Dr. Almon Gunnison coming to me in Washington at the time of the General Convention of 1903, and saying that Couden had made what was "the funniest speech" he ever heard in his life, "a perfect gem of an after dinner speech," delivered I think at a St. Lawrence reunion.

I can not give the list of parishes which he served before he was elected Chaplain of the House, but I know that an early one was up in Madrid, N. Y., and another was down on Cape Cod, and still another one or two out in Michigan. Everywhere he seems to have left devoted friends.

In these last few years, he has had an increasing load of sickness and trouble and responsibility, but he wouldn't let his children take it off his shoulders, although the thought of being near his son "Will" and helping in the church there seemed very attractive to him. But he has borne his burdens with courage, with a calm and unchanging faith and with a cheery, sunny, optimistic nature which would not be subdued.

Peace and joy go with him along the Heavenly way. *J. V. S.*

Incentives in Modern Life

Kirby Page

(Concluded from last week.)

II. Are the Motives of Jesus Practicable in Modern Business and Professional Life?

THE dominant motive of Jesus was service. "For the Son of man himself has not come to be served but to serve." "For the Son of man has come to seek and save the lost." "I have come that they may have life and have it to the full." "And for their sake I consecrate myself that they may be consecrated by the truth." Love was the supreme characteristic of his life. He went about doing good, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, strengthening the tempted, lifting up the fallen, comforting the broken-hearted, calling men into companionship with the Father. His manner of life and his message were so unacceptable to the ecclesiastical authorities of his day that in the end he was hanged upon a cross. And yet, in the anguish of those last moments, he cried out, "Father, forgive them, they do not know what they are doing."

Is Jesus' way of life practicable for men in this generation? Are men so constituted that it is hopeless to expect them to be dominated by his motives?

Human Instincts

Among the strongest instincts of man are those of sex, acquisition, anger, pugnacity and mastery. These instincts are often expressed in a manner which is anti-social, but it by no means follows that they are inherently anti-social. They are frequently expressed in ways which are of great social value. Moreover, there are other human instincts which most readily express themselves through social channels. Psychologists are generally agreed that the following tendencies are innate in human nature:

(1) *The instinct of creation or workmanship.* It is natural for men to make things. This is as truly a part of the nature of man as the desire for possessions. William James has said: "Constructiveness is a genuine and irresistible instinct in man as in the bee or beaver." If this tendency is not manifest in men to-day it is because of the artificial and adverse conditions under which they live.

(2) *The gregarious instinct and sensitiveness to approval and disapproval.* It is natural for men to desire to be together. This is one of the reasons for the growth of cities and the decline of rural communities. Not only do men like to be together, they are very sensitive to the opinion of the rest of the group. Ostracism is one of the severest penalties which can come to any man. Man can not be happy by himself. A prominent sociologist has expressed the opinion that the social motive is "the strongest that sways us, even stronger in normal life than hunger or sex."

(3) *The instinct of self-respect.* It is natural for men to evaluate their own conduct and to desire to reach a standard which they have erected. Men delight in their own skill, strength, or righteousness. The desire for self-approval operates powerfully in all normal persons.

(4) *The instinct of parental love and self-sacrifice.* The love of parents for their children and the willingness to sacrifice for them is universal. Closely related is the tendency to be kind and considerate of others. Mutual aid is natural to human beings, as it is to the higher animals. The subordination of selfish desires to the higher good of the group is characteristic of individuals in an ascending civilizafion.

Jesus' Way of Life and Human Nature

The reason for examining human instincts at this point is that such a study shows that human nature is not inevitably antagonistic to Jesus' way of life. The motives which prompted him to action are deeply ingrained in human nature and are altogether natural to normal persons.

The best proof of this statement is found in the fact that throughout the centuries many persons have applied his motives in all relationships of life. This has been true not only of Christian missionaries and ministers, but also of persons in many other vocations. There have been conspicuous illustrations of men of science who were motivated by a passion for truth and the desire to be of service to mankind, even though this devotion cost them their lives. The glorious record of these men is a repudiation of the idea that the possessive instincts are always dominant.

It seems strange that there should be any lingering doubts as to the power of self-sacrifice latent in all normal human beings, after the world-wide demonstration during the Great War. One does not need to be a believer in the righteousness or efficacy of war as a method, to recognize the fact that during the war there was a vast sacrificial outpouring of treasure and blood. In all of the belligerent nations the instincts of possession were subordinated to the instincts of service and self-giving.

The experiences of war-time should convince us beyond doubt that *self-sacrifice is just as natural as any other of man's instincts, and under appropriate circumstances is absolutely supreme in the average person.* The desire for possessions, craving for mastery, love of family, are ultimately less powerful than sacrificial devotion to a great cause.

At bottom there is no essential difference in the make-up of missionaries, scientists, soldiers and the common people in all walks of life. All are members of one species, children of one Father. All have the same instincts and innate tendencies. Love is just as natural as hate, mutual aid as antagonism, self-sacrifice as self-assertion. None of the motives of Jesus are unnatural for the normal person.

The task before us, then, is not the changing of human nature, but the creation of situations in which new sets of human instincts may more easily find expression. To this end, public opinion needs to be changed with regard to several vital points. Since individual action is profoundly affected by social approval and disapproval, this is a natural place to begin. It would seem that the public attitude needs to be changed with regard to three fundamental points in modern industry.

First, with regard to the relative merits of possession and creation. In the United States it seems unquestionable that possession or ownership has generally been regarded much more highly than the element of creation or construction. The man who *has* things is usually more highly honored than the man who *does* things. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, but in the average community the man with the greatest possessions is usually regarded as "the biggest man in town."

This is not a high ideal and its pursuit is responsible for much of the strife and misery in the world to-day. The ideal which should constantly be held before the youth of the land is that of service, creation, construction, for the common good.

Second, there is need for a change in public opinion with regard to the purpose of engaging in business or industry. It is now too often assumed that young people should enter business or industry primarily as a means of making money. This is a low conception of business and places it on a different level from the ministry or certain other professions. No one would suggest that a young man should enter the ministry or the teaching profession primarily because it offers an opportunity to make money.

We need a new attitude toward industry. The chief purpose of industry is not to help men get rich; its chief purpose is to produce goods and services which are needed by the community. The idea that men should engage in business or industry primarily to

make money is responsible for much of the present disorder and inefficiency.

Third, we need a new attitude toward competition and co-operation. Throughout American history, competition has been glorified and regarded as the basis of our national prosperity. There is much to be said for this point of view. Competition has tended to develop self-reliance and independence of spirit and has contributed to social progress. It is probable, however, that the extent of this contribution has been highly exaggerated in the popular mind.

Harmony and efficiency in industry depend upon co-operation. The need of the hour is for public opinion which will strongly disapprove selfish competition and approve co-operation for the common good. The times demand a multitude of intensive experiments in co-operation in all phases of industry. Public opinion should bestow its blessing upon all genuine efforts to substitute the principle of co-operation for that of competition. Experiments in co-operative distribution, co-operative marketing, co-operative production and co-operative banking should be encouraged.

The Outcome of Continued Strife

The people of this generation will do well to pause and consider the probable outcome of the present strife if unchecked. It should be remembered that the peoples of the earth are being drawn into closer and closer contacts. Trade knows no boundaries and international competition is growing keener. The points of friction are multiplying and the danger zones are widening.

Within the different nations the situation is critical. The lines between employers and workers are being drawn more sharply. Bitterness in industrial relations is increasing. The belligerent parties in the struggle are growing in power. There is an increasing concentration of wealth and control and employers' associations are growing in power. Organized labor is also gaining strength. Industrial struggles are more and more disastrous to public welfare. Continued emphasis upon self-interest and competition can have no other end than intensified warfare in industry.

The Churches should realize the extent of their stake in the industrial struggle. The more intense this struggle becomes, the less influence they will have in any sphere of life. The Churches in the United States should take warning from what is happening in England and on the Continent. There seems to be no doubt that the breach between the Churches and the great masses of working people is widening. In many European countries the Churches are held in contempt by most workers, and have little influence in the community. The industrial struggle is not solely responsible for this condition, but it is a major factor.

Strife and warfare in industry undermine the very foundations upon which the Churches rest. It is mockery to speak of brotherhood being a reality when men in industry are tearing at each other's vitals. The sooner the Churches realize that their future usefulness depends upon the lessening of the industrial conflict, and the sooner they throw the full weight of their influence against self-interest and selfish competition and in favor of friendly co-operation for the public welfare, the better it will be for the world.

Power of Public Opinion

A society which awards its honors on a basis of service, rather than on grounds of ownership; in which industry is based on production for social use, rather than for individual profit, and in which the method is that of co-operation for the common good, rather than selfish competition for private gain, will be one in which the chief barriers to harmony and efficiency in industry have been removed. A strong public expression on these three points would make possible an immense stride forward.

Religious people have a duty and an opportunity at this point. In the light of the teaching and example of Jesus it would seem that the Churches should have a clear message with regard to the three points under consideration. Jesus uttered a warning against the desire for great possessions in these words: "Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." He warned his hearers against fruitless worry over food and raiment. In a parable he pictured the doom of a rich man who was intent only upon his own comfort and pleasure. The verdict of Jesus is emphatic that the possession of goods is of no importance as compared with creation, construction or service for the common good.

As to the relative merits of selfish competition and co-operation for the common good, it would seem that the teaching of Jesus is clear. Is selfish competition in accord with his teaching concerning the supremacy of love, good-will and brotherhood? Is not co-operation the channel through which these attitudes most easily find expression?

In the light of this clear teaching, it would seem that the Churches should be proclaiming with vigor the message that the purpose of industry is to produce goods which are needed, rather than to make possible the accumulation of private wealth, and that the method should be that of friendly co-operation rather than selfish competition.

Is it not high time that the title "Christian" be withdrawn from those persons who are motivated primarily by the selfish desire for great possessions or personal power and whose ruthless competition and disregard of the welfare of competitors and the public is an utter denial of brotherhood—no matter how large their benevolent gifts and public benefactions may be? Should not the approval of the Churches be reserved for those persons who, in the spirit of Jesus, are unselfishly co-operating with their fellows in serving the common good? Is not this the least that should be expected of the Churches? *Strife and warfare are inevitable in a world which enthrones selfish competition.* It is futile to expect peace and harmony in industry so long as selfish competition receives the blessing of public opinion.

The Resources of Religious People

Religious people in the United States have the power to change the public attitude toward the three fundamental points under consideration. They have

ormous resources at their disposal. There are over ·ty million communicants of the various Churches. ıese persons acknowledge the supremacy of Jesus' ıy of life and are at least nominally committed to his ıdership. Many of them are troubled over the strife d misery of this day and are increasingly sensitive the evils of modern industry. For the most part eir intentions are good. They will to do the right ing. There are more than one hundred thousand nisters in charge of congregations. There are ndreds of thousands of teachers in Sunday schools d millions of pupils. The weekly circulation of the igious press runs into the millions. The latent power the religious forces in America to influence public inion is incalculable.

The historian Lecky, in speaking of the influence John Wesley and his followers, said: "England es-ped the horrors of the French Revolution largely rough the vehement religious enthusiasm which was that very time passing through the middle and wer classes of people." It is possible that history ay repeat itself in America during the next few dec-es and that in this land an awakening in the hurches may prevent the worst excesses of the ass-war which is even now sweeping over parts of urope.

Summary

Let us again raise the question: Are the motives Jesus practicable in modern business and professional e? It has been pointed out that psychologists are reed that the instincts of creation, sensitiveness to cial approval and disapproval, self-respect, parental ve and self-sacrifice, are active in all normal persons. ne vast release of latent self-sacrifice during the war sufficient proof of this fact. The self-denial and ıselfish service of Jesus are not contrary to human ıture. The task before us is not the changing of ıman nature but the creation of situations in which e more social tendencies may more easily be given pression.

To this end, changes are needed in public opinion ith regard to the relative merits of ownership versus rvice, as to whether the basis of industry is produc-ɔn for personal profit or for social use, as to whether lfish competition is better than friendly co-operation.

If changes in the public attitude on these three ɔints do not take place, it seems certain that we shall ıve continued strife in industry and warfare between ıtions and that civilization itself will be seriously enaced. The Churches have a great stake in the dustrial struggle. They also have enormous latent ɔwer to form public opinion and to create situations which the more social instincts will find expression.

The task before us is not an impossible one. he motives of Jesus are natural to man at his best ıd can be applied in modern business and professional e. They must be applied if life is to be made lerable for mankind. The difficulties in the way of eir application are stupendous. Courage of a high der is demanded. And yet in other realms men are ɔt dismayed by obstacles. Behind the desk of one the great industrial leaders of the nation is a small ectric sign which he illuminates at psychological oments. It reads: *"Can't must be overcome."*

This is the attitude pre-eminent for the Christian with regard to the obstacles which block the way to the application of the motives of Jesus in modern business and professional life. Can't *must* be overcome.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Light Step

THERE was a Convention of Women, and it was holden in a place where folk assemble in Summer with a vast Inn and a great Auditorium. And there gathered women from Oklahoma and Arizona and the coasts of Maine and New Mexico and Georgia and Minnesota. And they wore Badges.

Now I beheld their Programme, and it was a thing that would have appalled the heart of any man. For it began at early morn and continued until dewy eve and then began again. And between the sessions were Regional Meetings and State Conferences and many such like things. And it lasted for Ten Days. I am a man who has seen many Conventions, and I know no man who could have attended this one and sat it out.

And the Programme dealt with Immigration and Americanization and Legislation and Sanitation and Education and all else in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. And I am here to say that those women took the job Seriously, and stuck by it.

But one thing I noticed whereof I venture to speak. My room was on the Main Corridor leading to the Auditorium, and the women passed by it night and day. And if in all the two thousand of them there was one who walked with a Light Step, then of a surety she went in and out some other way.

For this I observed, that when a woman hath her left arm occupied with a Portfolio of Reports and Recommendations and Resolutions and Nominations, there is not any way in which she can step lightly. She walketh with a stride that cometh down hard upon the floor. She walketh as if the Heel of the Woman must bruise the head of the Serpent.

Now I spake of this unto Keturah, saying, I am glad that thou hast a Light Step.

And she inquired of me saying, Wherefore shouldest thou notice how women walk? What is it to thee?

And I said, They shook the floor; and they drave sleep from mine eyes and slumber from mine eyelids.

And she said, Were they not good women, and ladylike in their deportment?

And I said, They certainly were. It would be difficult to get together two thousand men of greater intelligence or better behaviour. But why should they pound the floor so unmercifully? What had the floor done unto them?

And Keturah said, I suppose they were all so Busy, and so much in Earnest, and so eager to get from one meeting to another, they considered not their step.

And I said, The hand that rocked the cradle was the hand that once ruled the world, but the foot that smites the corridor holdeth the scepter now. But thou, Keturah, though thou be heavier than when I wed thee, for this I am thankful, that to thy many other virtues thou addest this, that thou dost walk with a Light Step.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Sept. 3, 4. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

Sept. 5. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Springfield.

Sept. 11-16. Mid-West S. S. and Y. P. P. U. Institute, St. Paul's Church, Chicago.

Oct. 7. Indiana Y. P. C. U. Convention, Oaklandon.

* *

WHERE HISTORY ABOUNDS

Last Friday I had the privilege of participating in the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the Universalist parish in old Plymouth. A part of the celebration consisted of a brief service on Burial Hill at the grave of Rev. James H. Bugbee, first resident pastor, during whose ministry the church building was erected. He was ordained in 1826, and died less than eight years later, at the age of thirty-one, and yet even this brief life was long enough to make an impression upon this society and upon the town. In those days of bitter theological strife, he suffered keenly for his faith; it was no easy task then to be a Universalist.

Leading the Children Astray

Another event in the history of this church which was celebrated on this centennial occasion, and which deserves to be better known among us, is the fact that here was held the first Sunday school picnic in America, during the pastorate of Rev. Russell Tomlinson, great-uncle of Dr. Vincent Tomlinson. This occurred some time in the 1840's. It is related that when he and the children of the Sunday school marched along the street on their way to Pond Grove a good Orthodox mother called her children into the house and shut all the blinds that "they might not see their little playmates being led straight to hell."

And now the good Orthodox brethren take their children to Sunday school picnics, and even sometimes to union picnics where the Universalist schools participate. So do the customs and points of view change with the passing of the years, and so has the Universalist Church led the way toward a wiser attitude toward the young on the part of the Church organized in the name of him who took the little children in his arms and blessed them.

A Different Point of View

It is difficult for one who has spent most of his life in the newer parts of the country to accustom himself to centennials and tercentenaries, and similar occasions. There are a few relics of the earliest white settlers in Minnesota, Illinois, and Alabama that are a hundred years old, but they are very few. One simply does not think in such terms. In Chicago, anything that goes back half a century to the days immediately following the great fire is very old indeed. When my mother made her first visit to Minneapolis, the steamer, which was the only method of transportation up the river, arrived in St. Paul too late for her to catch the afternoon train on the St. Paul & Pacific R. R., and she found it was cheaper to remain in St. Paul over Sunday than to hire a private conveyance to take her the ten miles to the other twin city. Now there are four interurban electric lines, one of them operating in the rush hours on a three-minute headway, and no one now has to remain in St. Paul unless he desires to do so.

That old St. Paul & Pacific R. R. was a typical venture in Western optimism. I do not know whether the road was named by James J. Hill, or before his control, but it carried this ambitious title for the whole thirty miles of its extent up the Mississippi to Anoka, the northwestern terminus. But the optimism of the name was justified, for before long the St. Paul & Pacific became the Great Northern, and its rails did reach from St. Paul to the Pacific. And two other roads, besides those in Canada, have followed these northern trails over the plains and the Rockies to the great cities of the western coast.

In other words, out there everything is new, and the achievements of to-day are noteworthy only because they promise something greater and better to-morrow. There is the same kind of respect and reverence paid out there in the newer West to that which is new as is given here in the older East to that which is old. When Plymouth celebrates three hundred years of honorable and interesting history, Chicago opens a Pageant of Progress, which is not history, but prophecy.

What an America we shall have when we can so far overstep our sectional prejudices as to combine in one national consciousness the reverence for an honorable past with the confidence in a still more honorable future.

* *

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR

Yesterday I went to church in Waltham. So far as I could learn it was the only Universalist church in the vicinity of Boston in which services were held. In this suburb, the Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Universalist churches have combined for union summer services, and for the last three Sundays in August it is the turn of our church to act as host. It was good to be one of a congregation of nearly two hundred people, many of them Universalists, worshiping in one of our own churches in God's own summer time. Every one of our churches that does not maintain services of its own ought to be participating in some kind of union services every Sunday in the summer, either in this way, joining with other churches of the community, or uniting with other churches of our faith in the region round about.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, August 21.

For the Quiet Hour

No other thrill known to men compares with the reaction in the heart of a beautiful deed graciously performed, or a worthy self-denial made in the spirit of Christ. Missing the reaction, we may justly suspect the sincerity or singleness of the deed. But living the victorious life, we may claim every tingle of its fine joy. God is not to blame if we decline to let ourselves go in the rapture of our truest discipleship.

George Clark Peck.

He who receives but does not give is like the Dead Sea. All the fresh floods of Jordan can not sweeten its dead, salt depths. So all the streams of God's bounty can not sweeten a heart that has no outlet—is ever receiving, yet never full and overflowing.

Josiah Strong.

It is not on ceremonial, however beautiful; it is not upon canonical legislation or any law of commandments, however skillfully elaborated; it is on affection, deep and true affection, that the religion of Christ is built. The first disciples left all for love; the Gospel was to them a love-story—the love of God for man. Until we get back to their point of view, we must be content with a stunted Christianity, a maimed religion.

William Reed Huntington.

We may sin against law and maim or mutilate ourselves, but to sin against love is to be cast out of life altogether.

George Adam Smith.

Heaven is as present now as it ever will be. . . . We must not dream of postponing our heaven.

Wm. E. Channing.

The hunger for happiness which lies in every human heart can never be satisfied without righteousness; and the reason why the Bible reaches down so deep into the breast of man is because it brings news of a kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Henry Van Dyke.

The kingdom of God will never abide in the second place. It must be first or not at all. Service is the keynote of the kingdom. Let nothing deflect your life from personal service which must occupy the major part of our working hours.

Charles H. Brent.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CLARA BARTON UNIVERSALIST MEMORIAL

The record of the summer at the Birthace of Clara Barton at North Oxford has en one to inspire and encourage. Almost ery day has brought its quota of visitors, d our popular custodians, Mr. and Mrs. eorge E. Etz, have been busy with their ities of hospitality. More and more is e custom of preserving historic landmarks ing observed, and our association is conatulated on every hand on the acquision of this interesting and really lovely ace, which is certainly a denominational set.

Forward looking plans comprise a recreaon house to be made of the large barn hen funds are available, and then a emorial building for welfare work on the perb hill. Such a work can not be rried on without expense, although there and will be a certain increasing income om hay, pasturage and admission fees.

The first work is the completion of the st of purchase and restoration, $15,000—d the more quickly this amount is asred the more promptly the place can function as a welfare center, a home mission.

The almost perfect work of restoration, making the house a gem of its kind, is a great credit to us. Nation wide publicity has been given to the movement; many large papers have touched on the matter both editorially and by fine articles copiously illustrated, sometimes covering a full page.

The world's greatest woman, the great humanitarian, the "angel of the battlefield," the founder of the American Red Cross, was a Universalist woman. In preserving her birthplace, which she loved best of all her homes, and in planning work there "for humanity," we are honoring her in a way that would be pleasing to her, a memorial in which she would rejoice.

Over the roadway swings an attractive sign which states that the Women's National Missionary Association restored the place in 1921, her centenary year. The place is ours, the memorial will be just as large and commanding as we choose to make it. Let us honor ourselves by honoring her. Think on these things.

Marietta B. Wilkins.

Sunday School Search Lights

he address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

A RALLY DAY ACROSTIC

Our people get out some exceedingly right advertising for their Rally Day ervices. Mr. Leining, Mr. Masseck, Mr. Iersey—they and many others are rich bright ideas.

Committees, planning their announcenents and wishing something novel and ttractive, may enjoy this ingenious acrosic, which, we believe, came from the rtile brain of Prof. H. P. Morrell of St. awrence:

: ally Sunday is the twenty-fourth of SeptembeR
. ll former records to be broken by A
. argely increased attendance of al L
. oyal friends, old and new, of the schoo L
ou are urged to meet with us that da Y

on't imagine that you wouldn't be misse D
. s this big school event comes but once A
ear, help us to make it a real Rally DaY

* *

WRITE TO MISS EARLE

Our Superintendent of Missionary Eduation is constantly sending out letters d material for the encouragement of cal workers; but manifestly it is prinpally very general in its nature. She esires to become acquainted with the eeds of individual schools and to give ich assistance as is in her power. Write to her regarding your problem and be sure that she will give a thoughtful and helpful reply. Address Rev. A. Gerturde Earle, at the office of the General Association.

* *

FERRY BEACH PROGRESS

Miss Carrie Wickes, the efficient secretary of the Ferry Beach Institute, finds that not only was the registration larger in 1922 than in any previous year, but the attendance was more regular. Here we have one more indication of the increasing thoughtfulness and devotion of our people.

* *

JAPANESE SHOES

One of the things first noticed by new comers to Japan, which strike the ear with a terrible din almost as soon as the boat is left behind, are the shoes worn by the people of this interesting little island. They are all wooden, called "*geta*," though the coolies wear rubber-soled socks instead of shoes, as they can run more easily. It is very easy to buy these shoes in Japan. There is none of the ordeal of "trying on" which Americans must undergo. Men's shoes are nearly all the same size; the same is true of women's shoes. Only children's shoes show much variation. You buy your shoes by looks, and choose the velvet or silk straps from hundreds hanging in bunches, and the shoeman in a few seconds knots them into the shoes and there you are. If something has happened to your shoes you can put on sister's or mother's or grandmother's, even, and worry not as to the fit. Incidentally it makes it easy to steal them because one would find it difficult to prove his property. It happens often at the Public Baths to which the majority of people go. There is no beauty to Japanese shoes, but they are convenient and are well adapted to the roads and the mode of living.

Hazel I. Kirk,
Sunday School Missionary.

* *

QUESTIONS FOR EVERY SUNDAY SCHOOL TO ANSWER

1. Have you appointed your superintendent of Missionary Education?
2. Is his name and address recorded at Headquarters so that he will receive all new material?
3. Are you planning a complete program of Missionary Education?
4. Is your goal in Sunday school work to produce broad-minded and generous boys and girls, Universalist in fact as well as in name?
5. Do you fully understand that the Twenty-Cents-a-Week plan has been given up?

That meant *one hundred schools* giving twenty cents a week for a missionary in Japan.

The new plan means *every Sunday school* member giving for a missionary in Japan.

6. Will you take an offering for the Sunday School Missionary, making it a part of your education program, and not merely a vote of money from your treasury?
7. Does your whole school know that last year we not only raised $1350 for the Sunday School Missionary, but also made a generous contribution to the general work of the Mission?
8. Is your whole school proud to be a partner in all our work in Japan and eager to enlarge its partnership?

* *

HOW TO PREPARE FOR THE LESSONS ON JAPAN

1. Collect the material issued by the General Sunday School Association, the Board of Foreign Missions, and the Women's National Missionary Association. This is all sent to some one in your church. Find it and use it. If you can not find it, ask for a new supply.
2. Select what is best suited to your needs.
3. Read some good book on Japan to give yourself a background.
4. Work out a series of lessons to be given from the platform on successive Sundays, each one to occupy not more than five or ten minutes. Do your work carefully in advance and you will be able to keep within the time.

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Our genial friend, Dr. Walter Laidlaw, is at his figures again. Dr. Laidlaw is a Presbyterian dominie, who feels thoroughly at home in the camps of heresy. He is a broad-minded, forward-looking, brotherly minister. But it is as a statistician that he is recognized as belonging in the primacy. For years the New York ministers have relied upon him for accurate and complete data concerning conditions in the greatest city of the world. Now the Government at Washington has harnessed Dr. Laidlaw to the Federal machine, and his leadership is recognized. I want to give the *Leader* readers some striking results of the census count in our city. In the first place, New York City is the largest city in the world. Using the same range of counting as obtains in London, New York has the larger population. Nearly one-third of our population is Jewish in faith. There are more than 2,000,000 Jews in the city, and their synagogues have a capacity of only 200,000. Within twenty years one half of New York City will be composed of Jews; they will own one-half the real estate and possibly have a mortgage upon the other half. Jewish leaders of the Reform are awake to the problem, but can make but little impression upon the vast number of incoming Russian Jews. But let us revel in the census report, as vivified by Dr. Laidlaw, noting that as the English-speaking elements have decreased the Russians lead and the Italians follow in making New York a "foreign" city. "The English-speaking races have decreased from 965,000 in 1910 to 897,000 in 1920; the Germans from 820,000 to 690,000. Against these decreases the Italians increased from 546,000 to 803,000, the Russians from 27,000 to 221,000, and the Poles from 112,000 to 161,000. The total figures credited to 'foreign white stock' in 1920 are 4,294,629 out of a total population of 5,620,000." The distribution upon the basis of the mother tongue is striking and to a degree staggering. Note the picture in figures: Hebrew and Yiddish 946,000; English and Celtic 897,000; Italian 803,000; German 690,000; Russian 221,000; Polish 161,000. The fourteen per cent not accounted for above speak more than twenty different languages. There are 60,000 Swedes; 40,000 Norwegians; 32,000 Spaniards; 26,000 Rumanians; 25,000 Greeks and 76,000 Magyars. The count, fortunately, is not as bad as it seems. For in the foreign population is counted every child either of whose parents was born in a foreign land. The *Brooklyn Eagle* is moved to declare that "the boy born in New York of foreign parents, who has passed through our public schools, is often quite as good an American as the man with three or six generations of native ancestry behind him." We query, can a person be a good American, divorced entirely from religion, and immersed in materialism? Is it true that New York is becoming a pagan city? Consider that only one-tenth of the Jews can be accommodated in their synagogues, that in the last ten years the Roman Catholics have lost nearly 200,000 communicants and that thousands of nominal Protestants are really Nothingarians—and the problem looms large. My friend and neighbor, Dr. Cadman, is an advocate of Protestant union, and is an outspoken antagonist of sectarianism. In a long conversation at Lake Mohonk, our good friend, Dr. Hillis, declared that Universalists should be interested in Plymouth Church, for "Beecher was an undoubted Universalist," and expressed his belief that the Congregational and Universalist Churches should be united. Dr. Laidlaw suggests that Protestant ministers acquire a working knowledge of Italian, that Americans of the highest class may be able to greet coming Americans who have drifted from the anchorage of the old Church. The problem is mountainous, and is squarely before us, while a divided Protestantism, a decreasing Catholicism and an unorganized Judaism, in New York City, recognize that religious inefficiency is the fact. With the limitation of immigration, the compelling influence of public school education, the yearning for unity among progressive Protestants, the social vision, the sense of human need for an adequate religious faith, and in the optimism that possesses the God consciousness that it may transmute belief into action, there is presented the basis of hope that things shall be better and that New York can not become "the great pagan city." Your representatives on the field may be depended upon to do their part in awakening "the foreign element" (and Americans who in a peculiar and lamentable sense are foreigners too) to the consciousness of the Universal Father, and the sense and service of the Universal Brotherhood.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Michigan Letter

It has been some time since our church affairs in this state have been reported. But our cause is far from being dormant. The Rev. C. F. Patterson is on the coast of Maine recuperating his energy after a strenuous year of activity as pastor of our church in Detroit. That loyal old parish was never in better financial condition than it is now. And all hands are getting ready to work toward the fulfilment of one purpose: to make the coming year the best in its history. * * The Rev. George H. Ashworth of Lansing has been spending part of his vacation amid old scenes in Ohio. The past year in our Lansing church has witnessed a large ingathering of new members, a remarkable growth in financial soundness, extensive repairs on the beautiful church, and a popularizing of our church such as it never had before in Michigan's beautiful capital city. * * In Decatur a band of faithful ones hold together. Though without a pastor their denominational interest is evidenced by the contribution they make to the Japan Mission work, thereby setting a worthy example to other pastorless flocks. * * Dr. A. B. Beresford is performing a mighty work in the good old town of Farmington. His pulpit ability attracts large congregations of admirers. Recently the beautiful residence for the pastor was completed and dedicated and the pastor and Mrs. Beresford are very happily situated therein. The Doctor now has plans for securing a parish house. When that is done our property in Farmington, a rapidly growing suburb of Detroit, will be one of unique completeness. This parish recently lost by death one of its fine young church members, Mr. Earle Pettibone. * * Horton church is about to receive needed repairs. The women here are particularly efficient in church work and they conduct a lively Sunday school under the leadership of Mrs. Irene Brail. Three new members have been received into the church this summer, but one of these, Mrs. Clara Bishop, died in less than a fortnight afterwards, leaving a beautiful memory behind her. * * At the Liberty church the friends have been called together every Sunday by the beautiful new bell, which was Mr. LaDow Kennedy's Easter gift, to hear splendid sermons by Mr. Emerson H. Lalone, one of our St. Lawrence theological students. Mr. Lalone has worked well and faithfully in this difficult field. A splendid Bible Class is being conducted by the Rev. Henry Choate, formerly a Methodist pastor but now somewhat in sympathy with our Church. It will be a matter of regret when Mr. Lalone leaves for another year's work in school, for he has made many friends. All predict a most successful career for him in our ministry. It is hoped that Mr. Choate will consent to be pastoral supply the coming year. At the midsummer communion service Rev. William Couden of Concord and Dr. Hopp, chaplain of the State Penitentiary in Jackson, officiated. Three

hildren were baptized at this service. Mrs. Harriet A. Gates and Mrs. Cora Loomis Davis, two loyal members of the church, recently passed into the Heavenly Land. * * The death of Mr. Frank Spaard of Manchester has not been reported before in these columns though that sad event occurred last January. In the old days of the Manchester parish Mr. Spaard was an earnest worker and he was always interested in denominational affairs. * * The Concord church is proud in the fact that one of its members, Miss Louise French, is giving her services as kindergarten teacher for Miss Powell in her North Carolina work. This parish is beginning to make preparations to entertain the State Convention, Oct. 16 and 17. At the annual meeting there was a large and enthusiastic attendance and all were encouraged at the splendid reports. A fund of over $500 was raised at that time as a start toward a parish house building fund. Mrs. Agnes Clifton donated $100 of this. A goodly addition has since been received from Mr. William H. Schmidt of Chicago. One new member has been added to the church since Easter and two children have been christened. The organ has been thoroughly renovated. The new carpet and furnishings add greatly to the dignity and beauty of the fine old church here. Large congregations have kept up all summer, as Pastor Couden does not take his vacation until winter.

William Couden.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 15-Sept. 5. Universalist Summer Gatherings, Murray Grove, N. J.

Aug. 22-26. W. N. M. A. Institute, Murray Grove.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. G. S. S. A., Y. P. C. U. Institutes, Murray Grove.

Aug. 31-Sept. 3. Lower Wabash Association at Little Hickory, Ohio.

Sept. 1. Rockingham Association, Dover, N. H.

Sept. 4-7. Vermont and Province of Quebec Convention, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 5. Annual Convention Women's Missionary Association of Vermont and Quebec, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 10. Barnstable Association and rally at Cape Cod Churches at Provincetown.

Sept. 21-24. North Carolina Convention, Outlaw's Bridge.

Sept. 25-27. Maine State Convention, Y. P. C. U., S. S. A., and W. U. M. S., Auburn.

Sept. 26-28. New Hampshire Convention, Concord.

Oct. 9-11. Illinois Convention.

Oct. 11, 12. Minnesota State Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 16-17. Michigan State Convention, Concord.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,702
Fruit Hill, Ky.	9
Consolation, Ky.	4
Beulah, Ky.	8
Concord, Mich.	1
Horton, Mich.	3
Total	1,727

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported. 744. Wakefield, Mass., 2. Concord, Mich., 1. Liberty, Mich., 3. Total, 750.

PERSONAL

Papers from Lawrence, Mass., give this interesting information: Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Place, the oldest couple in the city, recently celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their marriage. They were married in the Universalist church in Manchester, N. H., Aug. 23, 1852.

Massachusetts

Provincetown.—Rev. Wm. Wallace Rose of Rochester, N. Y., summer preacher. The summer services have stirred the interest of the entire town. The morning sermons have drawn a good congregation, while the evening illustrated drama-lectures have taxed the seating capacity of 500. The fine old edifice with its priceless tower modeled after the design of the great Christopher Wren, and its Italian frescoes, is an object of daily visitation by the summer people. Names to the memorial tablet are being added each week, and affairs are going finely. The devotion of the Universalists of this delightful town, in keeping up services by laymen during the winter, has kept interest alive and increasing. The Rev. Nancy W. P. Smith's new book, "The Provincetown Book," devotes a number of pages to the history of Universalism on this tip end of the Cape. A rally of Cape Universalists is to be held Sunday, Sept. 10.

* *

CONCERNING THE MAINE CONVENTION

We are making elaborate preparations for the State Convention to be held in the Auburn, Me., church, Sept. 25-27. The several departments of the Church's work will be taken up, and a number of the leading men of the denomination will be there to take part.

Hon. Percy Baxter, Governor of Maine, and Dr. Joseph M. Tilden, president of Lombard College and vice-president of the Comrades, will be the speakers at the banquet which will be held in the church vestry.

Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., Rev. Ashley A. Smith, D. D., of Bangor, and Rev. Caroline C. Barney of Lynn, will speak at the Sunday School Convention. On Wednesday the entire day will be devoted to the executive work of the Convention proper, and the Y. P. C. U. and W. U. M. S. will also have their time and speakers.

The people of Auburn are sparing no effort to make this Convention a great success.

Roderick J. Mooney.

* *

FERRY BEACH PARK ASSOCIATION

The season of 1922 at Ferry Beach has been one of the most successful in our history. The various Institutes have been marked by large attendances and sustained interest. The registration went well over the 500 mark and exceeds that of any previous year. The paid-up membership, only 150 two years ago, increased to over 400. We were fortunate to have with us this summer Mrs. C. A. Quinby and Mrs. Marcia H. Shinn, as guests of honor.

The annual meeting of the Association was held Thursday, Aug. 2. A new constitution, which provides for the safe-keeping of funds, the establishment of a permanent fund, and the apportionment of the various duties of the officers of the association, was adopted. The report of the treasurer showed the association clear of debt, except for $800 on a note incurred last year for enlarging the dining-room and kitchen. The sum of $5,000, however, is needed to make further repairs and improvements upon the property. This we hope to be able to raise during the year.

The following officers were elected: President, Dr. W. R. Rowland, Blanchester, Ohio; vice-president, William R. Thomson, Roxbury, Mass.; secretary, Rev. Clinton Scott, Philadelphia; treasurer, Laura Jenness, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; trustees, E. P. Claflin, Attleboro, Mass., Mrs. Celestine Gordon, New Bedford, Mass., and Rev. A. M. Soule, Harrisville, R. I.

A memorial membership in the association was given by Mrs. Arthur H. Paul in memory of her husband. Mrs. E. W. Russell, Mr. Alonzo Raddin, and Miss Mary H. Brooks have been made life members. During the past year the following dear friends of Ferry Beach have passed away: Mrs. E. P. Claflin, Mrs. Brigham, Rev. Stanford Mitchell and Dr. John Coleman Adams.

As usual the Ladies' Aid Society held their fair, the proceeds of which amounted to $265. The president of this society, Mrs. William R. Thomson, wishes to thank all whose co-operation helped to make the fair a success.

Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12 and 13, were observed as Comrades' Days. A meeting was held in the grove Saturday morning, at which Mr. Hunt, national president, Mr. Carr, national secretary, and Mr. Thomson, Massachusetts state president, gave ten-minute speeches. An open forum followed. "Comrades Or-

ganization," "Providence 1923," "Comrades and the Sunday School," and "Lay Preaching and Layman's Sunday," were the subjects discussed.

A fine banquet was held at Hotel Quillen Saturday evening. Mr. Thomson was toastmaster, and Hon. Olin H. Chase of Concord, N. H., Rev. R. J. Mooney, D. D., of Auburn, Me., and Robert L. Whitcomb, Maine state president, spoke.

At 6 p. m. on Sunday a sunrise devotional meeting was held on the beach. It was well attended and proved a fitting beginning for the day. Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, who spoke on "The Present Need of a Universalist Church," and Mr. Carl Hempel, who spoke on "A Man's Place in the Sunday School," were the speakers at the service of worship later in the morning, while in the afternoon Mr. Hunt and Rev. Richard McLaughlin of Everett, Mass., gave addresses.

William R. Thomson, Vice-President.

* *

A NOTABLE SERVICE

For twelve years the people of Monmouth, Maine, have looked forward to the one Sunday yearly when Rev. H. D. Maxwell of Somerville, Mass., who owns a farm and summer home overlooking one of the beautiful lakes in town, would give them his annual message from one of the pulpits. His long illness prevented last year, and all have waited for his coming back to health and fulness of life with earnest solicitation. That he is fully restored and able again to take up the active work is cause for great rejoicing to a host of friends to whom he has become endeared during his stay in town. Sunday, Aug. 20, union services were held at the Congregational church, and not only was every seat taken but chairs and settees filled all available space. The service was in charge of the pastor of that church, assisted by the Methodist pastor and Dr. C. R. Tenney, who is spending the month here. It was a notable service with a wonderful sermon, not to be forgotten by any one. Mr. Maxwell's subject was "Man's Need of God," and his basic illustration was the declaration of science that in a full harvest of wheat man contributes five per cent, the remainder coming from sources and powers over which he has no control. This thought was carried all through the sermon, showing man's dependence on God, and this was repeatedly urged with great power and directness. The final plea for acceptance of that responsibility was to the hearts of old friends and neighbors who feel that the long struggle back to health, after creeping close to the border land of the eternal, has strengthened in an unlimited sense faith in the realities which all the years have marked his public and private utterances. Life on the farm, and contact with the soil, has brought strength of body and clearness of vision, and another year will find this good friend fully equipped for a service never before possible, because of the experiences through which he has passed. Monmouth will look forward to another union service next year with Mr. Maxwell again in the pulpit.

G. M. T.

Notices

NEW YORK CONVENTION

The ninety-seventh annual session of the New York Convention will be held at Syracuse, Oct. 3-5, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The annual sessions of the Maine Universalist State Convention and its auxiliary societies will convene at Auburn, Maine, Sept. 25-27. for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Milo G. Folsom, Secretary.

* *

NOTICE

The books of the Corresponding Secretary of the W. N. M. A. will be closed on Sept. 15, 1922. Will those interested please pay all dues and contributions for the year before that date?

Rena A. Paul, Corresponding Secretary.

* *

W. N. M. A. BOARD

The Executive Board of the Women's National Missionary Association will meet at 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., Oct. 3-5. Annual reports will be received and such other business transacted as may legally come before it.

Marion W. Lobdell.

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For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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FRANK A. DEWICK, *President.*
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One of the advantages of living on Long Island is that on one side of the island you SEE the SOUND and on the other HEAR the SEA.—*New York World.*

* *

Bess: "That's Mrs. Grabbit—she's a great war worker."

Bob: "Indeed!"

Bess: "Yes; she married four of her daughters to soldiers."—*The Soldier-Worker (Butte).*

* *

"How many members has Congress now?"

"Too."—*New York Sun.*

* *

"Did you have any difficulty with your French in Paris?"

"No—but the French people did."—*Karikaturen (Christiania.)*

* *

Seven hundred concert parties are now working at English seaside resorts. It is crisp little facts like this that reconcile one to having to stay in town.—*Eve (London).*

* *

Traffic Cop: "Hey, you! Didn't you hear me yelling for you to stop?"

Auto Fiend: "Oh, was that you yelling? I thought that was just somebody I had run over."—*Dry Goods Economist.*

* *

An instruction to Chinese soldiers reads: "If the rifle is broken use the butt, if the butt breaks use the fist, if the fist fails use the teeth." We would add, if the enemy pulls out your teeth, tell him he is no gentleman.—*London Opinion.*

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It was Daisy's twelfth birthday, and she had been given a silver thimble. Her friends admired the gift, but Daisy kept her sentiments to herself. In the evening a very human aunt was shown the useful present. "Poor child!" was her only comment.

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If every man who drives a car should strike we would have something to worry about. The streets would be so lonesome that pedestrians would get lost on the way across.—*Boston Herald.*

* *

"What will become of our young people?" wails a reformer. Oh, they'll grow old and worry about the young people.—*Bridgeport Star.*

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France and Italy will join England in investigating Turkish atrocities. We saw a man smoking one recently.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

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